had managed to get me out of danger from the pelting that was going on from the roof of our block, the Superintendent and Deputy Superintendent and all the asylum staff arrived. Tambi Paiyan, whom people used to call Chimnua Tambi (the word "Tarnbi" means younger brother in Tamil), was traversing the length of the roof in his fit excitement, hurling tiles and things from there with such a tremendous force and in such an incessant and heavy shower with his hands and feet, that it looked like sure death to those who might venture to come within the range of his missiles. Who could dare approach him, much less stop him in his mad hurly burly? How many times did the Superintendent call aloud for him in a sweet and endearing tone, giving him every assurance that no one would trouble him if he came down of his own accord; but all to no purpose. He continued in his mad frenzy hurling missiles all the while and laid one side of the roof totally bare, giving it the appearance of a half-shaven

head. When he had finished throwing nearly
all the tiles on one-half of the roof, that he could
reach with his*hands and feet, he suddenly had
a very strange and peculiar fancy. There was